Lee Talks
MIKE
Author Cla Reimerthi
Artist Paul yan
Plex Romer.

Manny?...
Oh. Right.
We've got to get you up and out, baby. Deb's calling like every five minutes.
Ah, shit. Sorry.
Toby, this is great, but I just can't put a whole lot on the ol' stomach yet. Did Jess make this? Is she on today?
Mike, you played Mastermind with her just about all night. D'you forget?
Uh-huh.
Shit. Well, I've been finding those little plastic pieces all over the joint. The *board* thing was covered in hollondaise.

© 2003 KING FEATURES SYNDICATE INC. FIRST PUBLISHED BY EGMONT, SCANDINAVIA, Nr. 25/2003

All morning.
Will somebody unplug that fucking--! Sorry Mike. But you don't need me to tell you Deb gets up *fucking* early.
I didn't tell her I was coming here. Shit. And you *know* Manny's gold like that.
Manny is a lock. Yes.
Hey, he was here last Thursday, when you had to go to Deb's tennis thing...
Hey, *there's* a man who's free. Ain't no fish hook in that tiny dynamo. He brought his sax, too. *Destroyed!* Tore this place *to the ground.*
...And I'm helping myself in the kitchen playing Mastermind with Jess...
Hey, hey, *hey...* Mike. Easy. Don't beat yourself up, eh. Manny doesn't have a Deb. Come on.
Sure, he's a *demon* on the sax. But he doesn't have to put up with *half* the shit you do...
"--HE CAN WHY CAN'T I DRINKING WHORING! SHIF? WHERE *hic* IS HE?! *UN?* I'M-- ... UGHNF... Oo. ME TOO!"
"I TELL YOU WHAT I hic WHAT *I* SAY. gnn. I HAVE THE *OPTION!*"

You might of, uh, *accidentally* dropped this in the cistern, Mike. You almost flooded the basement.
Huh. Oh. No, I was just soaking it. It was getting a bit manky... Sorry.
Your brain is going to *gack*, Mike. You're pushing into the red like you're terminal.
The peace granted in those few moments of free-fall... The diminishing returns... Oblivion's one-way door... Once more.
... Right. It doesn't matter how far out... Still gotta come *back*... Like it's always the Sunday before Monday...
Hey, take up the drums, maybe. You and Manny could start a band. You've just got to get out of your head, Mike.
And they send you off with your breakfast to go... These guys see all the angles.
Mastermind...
--out of your head... out of your head... out of your head ... out of your head... out of your head... out of your head... out of--
The black arms of Oblivion stretch long into the world... What is weakness? What is strength?
Sir! *Sir!* Stop! You can't do that! Oh dear god!
AIR BENGAL
Fin.